

## The Tragedy of Hamlet

That has no relish of salvation in't,  
Then trip him that his heele may kicke at heaven,  
And that his soule may be as damn'd and blacke  
As hell whereto it goes : my mother stayes,  
This Phylicke but prolongs thy sickly dayes.

*King.* My words flye up, my thoughts remaine below,  
Words without thoughts never to heaven goe.

*Enter Gertrard and Polonius.*

*Pol.* A will come strait, looke you lay home to him,  
Tell him his pranks have bin too broad to beare with,  
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood betweene  
Much heat and him. Ile silence me even here,  
Pray you be round.

*Enter Hamlet.*

*Ger.* Ile warrant you, feare me not,  
Withdraw, I heare him comming.

*Ham.* Now mother what's the matter ?

*Ger.* Hamlet thou hast thy father much offended.

*Ham.* Mother you have my father much offended.

*Ger.* Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

*Ham.* Goe, goe, you question with a wicked tongue.

*Ger.* Why how now Hamlet ?

*Ham.* What's the matter now ?

*Ger.* Have you forgot me ?

*Ham.* No by the Rood not so,

You are the Queene, your husbands brothers wife,  
And would it were not so, you are my mother.

*Ger.* Nay then Ile set those to you that can speake.

*Ham.* Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not budge,  
You goe not till I set you up a glasse  
Where you may see the most part of you.

*Ger.* What wilt thou doe ? thou wilt not murder me ?  
Helpe ho.

*Pol.* What hoe helpe.

*Ham.* How now, a Rat, dead for a Ducket, dead,

*Pol.* O I am slaine.

*Ger.* O me, what hast thou done ?

*Ham.* Nay I know not, is it the King ?

*Ger.* O what a rash and bloody deed is this !

*Exit.*

*Exit.*

## Prince of Denmark

*Ham.* A bloody deed, almost  
As kill a King, and marry with

*Ger.* As kill a King ?

*Ham.* I Lady, it was my word  
Thou wretched, rash, intruding  
I tooke thee for thy better, take  
Thou findest to be too busie is  
Leave wringing of your hands  
And let me wring your hearr, for  
If it be made of penetrable stuff  
If damned custome have not bred  
That it be proove and bulwarke

*Ger.* What have I done, that  
In noise so rude against me ?

*Ham.* Such an act  
That blurres the grace and blun-  
Calls vertue hypocrite, takes o-  
From the faire forehead of an i-  
And sets a blister there, makes  
As false as Diccers oathes : Oh  
As from the body of contract  
The very soule, and sweet Re-  
A rapsodie of words, heavens  
Ore this solidity and compoun-  
With heated visage, as againe  
Is thought-sicke at the act.

*Quee.* Ay me, what act ?

*Ha.* That roares so loud, and t-  
Looke here upon this picture  
The counterfeit presentment  
See what a grace was seated on  
Hiperions curles, the front of  
An eye like Mars, to threaten  
A station like the Herald Me-  
New lighted on a heave, a kiss  
A combination and forme ind-  
Where every god did seeme to  
To give the world assurance o-

*Ham.*